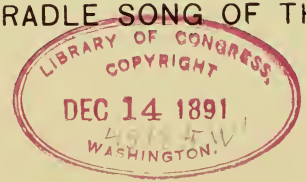
PS 3511
.R75 C7
1891
Copy 1

Wild-Bird's Souvenir Series.

No. 3.

THE CRADLE SONG OF THE NILE.



DENVER, COLO.

PS 3511
.R75 C7
1891

THE CRADLE SONG OF THE NILE.

"Lullaby darling one; now you will ride
On the Nile-waters so quiet and wide!
Let no one say my baby has cried
There in the rushes."

Thus said a mother, and offered a prayer,
As the small ark floated daintily there;
Leaving to God and his tenderest care
The cradle of rushes.

Who is now come to the river to lave?
Oh! 'tis the king's daughter lovely and brave;
Bidding her maidens bring in from the wave
The cradle of rushes.

Pharaoh's fair daughter bends low to caress:
"Hushaby, pretty one! give me a kiss;—
Who ever saw such a cradle as this,
Built out of rushes!

"Go! call a Hebrew to nurse it for me:—
Sing a glad song till it laughs in its glee.
'Tis well I was first the sweet cherub to see,
Hid in the rushes."

Dress it in raiment of loveliest dyes;
Pharaoh's great gems are not bright as its eyes:
This is the king's daughter's beautiful prize,
Found in the rushes.

Wild-Bird.

Copyright applied for, 1891.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 897 149 5